Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen finde thee here.
Rom. With loves light wings did I ore-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can doe, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Jul. If they doe ſee thee they will murther thee.
Rom. Alack, there lyes more perill in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords: looke thou but ſweet,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have nights cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me let them finde me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?
Rom. By love that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore waſht with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.
Jul. Thou know'ſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night.
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine deny
What I have ſpoke; but farewell complement:
Doeſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay I,
And I will take thy word; yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou maiſt prove falſe: at lovers perjuries
They ſay *Jove* laughes. Oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'ſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond,